

MOLL PITCHER.

A POEM.

— "If the seeker be of an haute and stomachful carriage, and maketh merrie of the wisdom of thine art, thou mayest gain an empery over his orgulous and misbelieving spirit, by some full strange, and terrible misterie, or cunning device, whereat he may be amot with doleful misgivings." C. AGRIPP.
NOTE TO ABRA KAT ABRA.

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CARTER AND HENDEE.
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NOTE. The following pages, dear reader, are published neither for a poetical reputation nor for money. The former is unfortunately a most indefinite, and too often "stale, flat and unprofitable" commodity, inasmuch as it would puzzle the French cook who made fifty different dishes of a parsnip, to make either meat or drink of it. As for the latter, I have not enough of the poetical mania in my disposition, to dream of converting by an alchymy more potent than that of the old philosophers, a limping couplet into a brace of doul-loons; or a rickety stanza into a note of hand. Moll Pitcher ("there's music in the name,") is the offspring of a few weeks of such leisure, as is afforded by indisposition, and is given to the world in all its original negligence—the thoughts fresh as when first originated.

TO
ELI TODD, M. D.
OF
HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT,
THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED,
AS A FEEBLE TESTIMONY
OF THE
HIGH RESPECT AND WARM FRIENDSHIP
OF THE
AUTHOR.

MOLL PITCHER.

PART I.

Ha, ha---ba, ha---ha, ha!—

The old witch laughed outright—¹

Ha, ha---ha, ha---ha, ha!—

That cold and dismal night.

The wind was blowing from the sea

As raw and chill as wind might be—

Driving the waves, as if their master

Towards the black shore, fast and faster,—

Tossing their foam against the rocks

Which scowl along yon island's verge,

And shake their gray and mossy locks

Secure above the warring surge.

Keen blew the wind, and cold,

The moon shone dim and faintly forth,

Between the gray cloud's parting fold,

As if it sickened of the earth,

So very pale and ghastly lay

Its broken light along the bay,

Silvering the fisher's stealing skiff---

Or whitening o'er the jagged cliff,

Or resting on the homes of men,

As if its awful sheen had been

A white funeral shroud outspread

By some kind spirit o'er the dead;

And, now and then, a wan star burned,

Where'er its cloudy veil was rended—
 A moment's light, but seen and ended,
 As if some angel from on high
 Had fixed on earth his brilliant eye,
 And back to Heaven his glances turned!

She stood upon a bare, tall crag,²
 Which overlooked her ragged cot—
 A wasted, gray and meagre hag,
 In features evil as her lot.

She had the crooked nose of a witch,
 And a crooked back and chin,
 And in her gait she had a hitch,
 And in her hand she carried a switch,
 To aid her work of sin,
 A twig of wizard-hazle, which
 Had grown beside a haunted ditch,
 Where a mother her nameless child had thrown
 To the running water and merciless stone.

Who's coming up the winding path,
 Worn faintly in the mossy rock?—
 Enveloped in its ample cloak
 The form a woman's semblance hath.
 Why laughs the witch to see her come
 So stealthily towards her home?
 Knows she that dim shape thus afar,
 When scarce one shorn and shadowed star,
 With its faint line of wizard light
 Crosses the shadow of the night?
 Long laughed the witch---and then she spoke,
 And echo answered from the rock,
 As if some wild and evil elf

Within its caverns dared to mock
 Her strange communion with herself.
 “And so,” she cried, “she's come at last,—
 The oak will kneel before the blast,
 And wherefore should the sapling frail
 Bend its light form against the gale?
 The heart is strong---but passion stronger
 And love than human pride is longer---

And ill may woman's weakness scorn
 What manhood's strength hath hardly borne!
 I know her tread---'tis haughty yet,
 As if she could not all forget

Her early scorn of me and mine.

Ay, let her come!—the early spell,
 Which binds her heart so sweetly well,
 Shall serpent-like around it twine!
 I know the charm—I know the word,
 Which, powerless as the snake-charmed bird,
 Shall bind her with its fearful tone---
 Her cherished thoughts shall all be heard,
 Her secret hopes shall all be known."

Again she laughed as down the crag

She swung her meagre skeleton---
 No fears for thee, thou hateful hag---
 The Devil keeps his own!

"Walk in, walk in my pretty maid---
 This night is fitting for my trade!"
 "Ha, mother Moll---'tis well---I've come,
 Like other fools to know my doom."

The twain passed in---a low dark room

With here and there a crazy chair,
 A broken glass---a dusty loom---
 A spinning-wheel---a birchen broom,
 The witch's courier of the air---

As potent as that steed of wings
 On which the Meccan prophet rode

Above the wreck of meaner things
 Unto the Houri's bright abode.

A low dull fire by flashes shone
 Across the gray and cold hearth-stone
 Flinging at times a trembling glare
 On the low roof and timbers bare.

How has New England's romance fled,
 Even as a vision of the morning!
 Its rites foregone---its guardians dead---
 Its altar-fires extinguished---

Its priestesses, bereft of dread,
 Waking the veriest urchin's scorning!
 No more along the shadowy glen,
 Glide the dim ghosts of murdered men,---
 No more the unquiet church-yard dead,
 Glimpse upward from their turf-y bed,
 Startling the traveller, late and lone;
 As, on some night of cloudy weather,
 They commune silently together,
 Each sitting on his own head-stone!
 The roofless house, decayed, deserted,
 Its living tenants all departed,
 No longer rings with midnight revel
 Of witch, or ghost, or goblin evil;
 No hellish flame sends out its flashes
 Through creviced roof and shattered sashes!---
 The witch-grass round the hazle spring,
 May sharply to the night air sing,
 But there no more shall withered hags
 Refresh at ease, their broomstick nags;
 Or taste those hazle-shadowed waters
 As beverage meet for Satan's daughters;
 No more their mimic tones be heard---
 The mew of cat---the chirp of bird,
 Shrill blending with the hoarser laughter
 Of the fell demon following after!

The cautious good man nails no more
 A horse shoe on his outer door,
 Lest some unseemly hag should fit
 To his own mouth her bridle bit—
 The good wife's churn no more refuses
 Its wonted culinary uses,
 Until with heated needle burned
 The witch has to her place returned!
 Our witches are no longer old
 And wrinkled beldames, Satan sold,
 But young and gay and laughing creatures,
 With the heart's sunshine on their features---
 Their sorcery---the light which dances
 Where the raised lid unveils its glances;

Or the low breathed and gentle tone
 Faintly responding unto ours,
 Soft, dream-like, as a fairy's moan
 Above its nightly closing flowers!
 Sweeter than that which sighed of yore,
 Along the charmed Ausonian shore!
 Even she, our own weirded heroine,
 Sole Pythoness of ancient Lynn---
 Despite her fortune telling sin,
 Sleeps calmly where the living laid her;
 And the wide realm of sorcery,
 Left, by its latest mistress, free,
 Hath found no gray and skilled invader:
 So perished Albion's "glammarye,"
 With him in Melrose Abbey sleeping,
 His charmed torch beside his knee
 That even the dead himself might see
 The magic scroll within his keeping.
 And hence our modern Yankee sees
 Nor omens, spells nor mysteries;
 And nought above, below, around,
 Of life or death, of sight or sound,
 Whate'er its nature, form or look,
 Excites his terror or surprise---
 All seeming to his knowing eyes
 Familiar as his "catechize,"
 Or, "Webster's Spelling Book."
 But to our tale.---In contrast strange,
 Within the fire-light's fading range
 The stranger stands in maiden pride,
 By that mysterious woman's side.
 The cloak hath fallen from her shoulder
 Revealing such a form as steals
 Away the heart of the beholder
 As, all unconsciously it kneels
 Before the beauty which had shone
 Ere this upon its dreams alone.
 If you have seen a summer star,
 Liquidly soft and faintly far,
 Beaming a smiling glance on earth

As if it watched the flowret's birth,
 Then have you seen a light less fair
 Than that young maiden's glances were.
 Dark fell her tresses---you have seen

A rent cloud tossing in the air,
 And, showing the pure sky between

Its floating fragments here and there---
 Then may you fancy faintly, how
 The falling tress---the ring-like curl
 Disclosed or shadowed o'er the brow

And neck of that fair girl.
 Her cheek was delicately thin,
 And through its pure, transparent white
 The rose-hue wandered out and in,

As you have seen th' inconstant light
 Flush o'er the Northern sky of night—
 Her playful lip was gently full,

Soft curving to the graceful chin,
 And colored like the fruit which glows
 Upon the sunned pomegranite boughs;—
 And oh, her soft, low voice might lull

The spirit to a dream of bliss,
 As if the voices sweet and bland
 Which murmur in the seraph land
 Were warbling in a world like this!

Out spoke the witch—"I know full well,
 Why thou has sought my humble cot—
 Come sit thee down—the tale I tell
 May not be soon forgot."

She threw her pale blue cloak aside,
 And stirred the whitening embers up,
 And long and curiously she eyed

The figures of her mystic cup—
 And low she muttered, while the light
 Gave to her lips a ghastlier white,
 And her sunk eye's unearthly glaring
 Seemed like the taper's latest flaring:
 "Dark hair—eyes black---a goodly form---

A maiden weeping---wild dark sea---
 A tall ship tossing in the storm---

A black wreck floating—where is he?
 Give me the hand---how soft and warm
 And fair its tapering fingers seem—
 And who that sees it now would dream
 That winter's snow would seem less chill
 Ere long than these soft fingers will?
 A lovely palm!---how delicate
 Its veined and wandering lines are drawn!
 Yet each are prophets of thy fate—
 Ha—this is sure a fearful one!
 That sudden cross---that blank beneath---
 What may these evil signs betoken?
 Passion and sorrow, fear and death---
 A human spirit crushed and broken!
 Oh, thine hath been a pleasant dream,
 But darker shall its waking seem!"

Something between a sigh and groan
 Burst from the list'ner's panting heart—
 How was her cherished secret known
 To that dark woman's art?
 She strove to smile---and one might mark
 A sudden dimple trembling, where
 A moment after cold despair
 Rested beneath her tresses dark,
 As if the hue of death were there.
 A human smile!—how beautiful
 Sometimes its blissful presence seems,
 Sweet as the gentle airs which lull
 To sleep the holy flowers of Gul
 Which blossoms in the Persian's dreams—
 A lovely light whene'er it beams
 On beauty's brow—on beauty's eye
 And not one token lingers nigh
 On lip, or eye, or cheek unbidden
 To tell of anguish vainly hidden!
 But oh there is a smile which steals
 Sometimes upon the brow of care
 And like the North's cold light reveals
 But gathering darkness there.
 You've seen the lightning flash at night

Play briefly o'er its cloudy pile---
 The moonshine trembling on the height
 Where winter glistens cold and white,
 And like that flash, and like that light,
 Is sorrow's vain and heartless smile.

Like a cold hand upon her heart
 The dark words of the sorceress lay,
 Something to scare her spirit's rest
 Forevermore away.

Each word had seemed so strangely true,
 Calling her inmost thoughts in view,
 And pointing to the form which came
 Before her in her dreary sleep,
 Whose answered love---whose very name,
 Though naught of breathing life was near,
 She scarce had given the winds to keep,
 Or murmured in a sister's ear. •

Her secret love !---oh, she had kept
 Its fire within her heart unseen,
 And tears, in silent musing wept,
 Its sacrifice had been.
 In public gaze---in loneliness---
 In fashion's gay and wild excess---
 In every change of scene or lot
 Its cherished name was uttered not,
 For early had she learned to keep
 Her gift of love enshrined and deep---
 Pure as the vestal's altar-stone
 Known and familiar but to one---
 A harp whose chords might only move
 In answer to its idol love,
 Like Memnon's music heard alone
 When sunlight on its statue shone !

Like the mimosa shrinking from
 The blight of some familiar finger---
 Like flowers which but in secret bloom,
 Where age the sheltering shadows linger,
 And which, beneath the hot noon ray
 Would fold their leaves and fade away---

The flowers of Love, in secret cherished,
In loneliness and silence nourished,
Shrink backward from the searching eye,
Until the stem whereon they flourished,
Their shrine, the human heart, has perished.

Although themselves may never die.
Of woe---of deep and nameless grief,
That wild and evil hag had spoken---
Of agony which mocks relief---
Of human spirits broken.

And in her mutterings vague and dim
How strangely had she pictured HIM !
The dark eye and the darker hair---
The manly form and features fair---
A weeping girl---a wild dark sea---
A storm---a wreck---and "WHERE IS HE ?"
Ay, where WAS he !---long months before,
His boat was rocking on the shore
His ship was tossing in the bay :

And she was folded to his heart---
Her fair cheek on her lover's lay,
While Love forgot the veil of art ;
And softly blushed through falling tears,

The natural glow of virgin shame,
That feelings held apart for years,
And cherished hopes she scarce might name
To her own pillow's loneliness,
Had burned upon her answering kiss.

And thrilled upon her lip of flame !
And she had found herself alone,
Beneath the twilight cold and gray,
When heavily pealed the signal gun

And the proud vessel swept away ;---
Watching her lover's broad sail fade,

Like a white wing in upper air,
And leaving neither track nor shade
On the blue waste of waters there !

Smile not that on the maiden's heart,
The sybil's dark and cunning art
Had power to picture future ill,

And tinge the present darker still.
Life's sunniest hours are not without
The shadow of some lingering doubt--
Amidst its brightest joys will steal
Spectres of evil yet to feel ;
Its warmest love is blent with fears,
Its confidence—a trembling one—
Its smile—the harbinger of tears—
Its hope—the change of April's sun !
A weary lot,—in mercy given,
To fit the chastened soul for Heaven,
Prompting with change and weariness,
Its yearning for that better sky,
Which, as the shadows close on this,
Grows brighter to the longing eye.

PART II.

Nahant, thy beach is beautiful!—

A dim line through the tossing waves,⁴
Along whose verge the spectre gull
Her thin and snowy plumage laves--
What time the Summer's greenness lingers
Within thy sunned and sheltered nooks,
And the green vine with twining fingers
Creeps up and down thy hanging rocks!
Around---the blue and level main---
Above---a sunshine rich, as fell,
Bright'ning of old, with golden rain,
The isle Apollo loved so well!--
And far off, dim and beautiful
The snow-white sail and graceful hull,
Slow, dipping to the billow's swell.
Bright spot!--the Isles of Greece may share
A flowery earth---a gentle air;—
The orange-bough may blossom well
In warm Bermuda's sunniest dell;—
But fairer shores and brighter waters,
Gazed on by purer, lovelier daughters,
Beneath the light of kindlier skies,
The wanderer to the farthest bound
Of peopled Earth hath never found
Than thine---New England's Paradise!

Land of the forest and the rock---
Of dark blue lake, and mighty river---

Of mountains reared aloft to mock
 The storm's career—the lightning's shock---
 My own, green land, forever !
 Land of the beautiful and brave---
 The freeman's home---the martyr's grave---
 The nursery of giant men,
 Whose deeds have linked with every glen,
 And every hill and every stream,
 The romance of some warrior-dream !
 Oh---never may a son of thine,
 Where'er his wandering steps incline,
 Forget the sky which bent above
 His childhood like a dream of love---
 The stream beneath the green hill flowing---
 The broad-armed trees above it growing---
 The clear breeze through the foliage blowing :
 Or, hear unmoved, the taunt of scorn
 Breathed o'er the brave New-England born ;---
 Or mark the stranger's Jaguar hand
 Disturb the ashes of thy dead---
 The buried glory of a land
 Whose soil with noble blood is red,
 And sanctified in every part,
 Nor feel resentment, like a brand,
 Unsheathing from his fiery heart !
 Oh---greener hills may catch the sun
 Beneath the glorious heaven of France ;
 And streams, rejoicing as they run
 Like life beneath the day-beam's glance,
 May wander where the orange-bough
 With golden fruit is bending low :---
 And there may bend a brighter sky
 O'er green and classic Italy—
 And pillared fane and ancient grave
 Bear record of another time,
 And over shaft and architrave
 The green luxuriant ivy climb ;---
 And far towards the rising sun
 The palm may shake its leaves on high,
 Where flowers are opening, one by one,

Like stars upon the twilight sky,
 And breezes soft as sighs of love
 Above the broad banana stray.
 And through the Brahmin's sacred grove
 A thousand bright-hued pinions play !
 Yet, unto thee, New-England, still
 Thy wondering sons shall stretch their arms,
 And thy rude chart of rock and hill
 Seem dearer than the land of palms !
 Thy massy oak and mountain pine
 More welcome than the banyan's shade,
 And every free, blue stream of thine
 Seem richer than the golden bed
 Of Oriental waves, which glow
 And sparkle with the wealth below !

* * * *

A fair, frail form is stealing out
 Upon the long and sandy bar,
 With wild glance, wandering all about
 Uncertain and irregular.
 The sea-gull screams aloud above her--
 The thin waves circle at her feet,
 Beyond, the white and timid plover
 Is stooping its embrace to meet.
 What doth she there ?--her head is bare--
 And backward streams her wild, dark hair;
 Damp with the moist sea-atmosphere
 It shades a neck as white and clear,
 As pearls which shed their pure, pale glow,
 Where in their crimson beauty sleep
 The coral blossoms of the deep
 A thousand fathoms down below.
 Beautiful one !--her cheek is pale,
 Even as the foam the wave hath lent
 To rocks whereon its wrath is spent,
 Like that which lingers on the rein
 Which some fierce steed hath spurned in vain ;
 And ever and anon a wail
 Soft as some grieving spectre's moan,
 Plaintively low---a dreamer's tone,
 Blends faintly with the rising gale.

She stands upon a rock that lifts
 Its bleak brow to the chilling waters--
 The thin gray mist above it drifts,
 And dim within its fold, she seems
 Like something of our early dreams--
 A messenger from Ocean's daughters !
 Her thin hand pointing to the sea
 As eager--as imploringly--
 As if across that blue expanse,
 Her eye had caught some answering glance
 And sadly now she turns aside,
 With slow and weary step returning
 Drooping her head as if to hide
 The tearful traces of her mourning.
 The morn will find her there again
 ---GOD'S PITY ON THE STRICKEN BRAIN !---
 It is a fearful thing to turn
 The heart's warm current icy chill
 To bid the brain with madness burn,
 And freeze the torpid bosom still,
 Fearful to cloud the spiritual light
 Which shines upon our mortal night--
 To jar apart those chords of mind
 Which God's mysterious hand hath twined
 And for the music once their own
 Call out a harsh and maniac tone.
 We talk of death--we shudder o'er
 The cold, pale form--the rayless eye,
 As if that fearful change were more,
 Than the mind's hour of liberty--
 The opening of its prison-door.
 Yet look upon the maniac's form
 Whence reason's holy light hath fled ;
 Where being lingers wild and warm,
 Even when its very soul is dead.
 Look on the snaky eye of madness--
 And hear that laugh--but not of gladness--
 That shriek at midnight, shrilly blending
 With the dull clanking of the chain--
 And pluck away those fingers rending

From the hot cheek its bursting vien !—
Alas! -the quiet sepulchre
Than such a state were welcomer.

Yet her's is not that fiercer mood--
Gentle and lovely even in madness,
She only asks for solitude
To nurse her most unearthly sadness.
Oh! it is painful to behold
Her pale face on her hand reclining,
Or buried in her 'kerchief's fold,
With hot tears through her fingers shining.
And then to mark her 'wilder'd start,
Her quick glance in the vacant air,
Her thin hand pressing on her heart,

As if a sudden pang were there :
And then to list her murmured words
Sad as a mate-forsaken bird's,
Telling a wild and moving tale
Of wrecked ships driving in the gale--
Of voices shrieking in the blast--
Of wreathing arms on spar and mast--
Of one dark eye above the billow
Up glancing to the storm-fire's gleam ;--
And that long sleep which hath no dream--
With ocean's weedy rock its pillow,
Down where the sea-plant's green arms cover
The cold, unwaking sleeper over.

She seeks the spot where she has strayed
Upon HIS arm in fondness leaning--
When by the trembling light which played,
Amidst the leafy summer shade,
The kindling eye of either lover
In silent fondness told each rover,
The hidden heart's unwhispered meaning.
Beneath the old, familiar oak,
A carpet of the living green
Is round her; and from out a rock
Like that which felt the Prophet's stroke
Its mossed and yawning clefts between,

PART III.

A tall ship tossing in the bay!—
How glorious the stranger seems—
With tapering masts and streamers gay,
Rejoicing in the glad sunbeams!
Beautiful voyager!—she has been,
Unshrinking upon God's high sea—
Bearing right onward bravely when
The storm-wind followed free!
There's one upon her seamy deck,
With keen eye fastened on the shore,
As if some faithful loved one's beck
Were welcoming once more
From toil and fear to love and her
The worn and weary mariner.
Oh! he hath been a wanderer
Beneath Magellan's moveless cloud,
And where in murmurs hoarse and loud
The Demon of the Cape was heard;
And where the tropic sunset came
O'er the rich bowers of Indostan,
And many a strange and brilliant bird
Shone brighter in the western flame:
And through the bending jungle ran
The boa for his nightly food,
The tiger slumbering in the wood.
He sought for gold—for yellow gold—
His dreams were full of wealth untold;
Of stately barks that hailed to him;

Of gorgeous halls and grottos dim,
 Of streams rejoicing in the shade,
 By bower and trelliced arbor made,
 Of smiling servants gathered near
 In grateful love, but not in fear ;
 And more than these--his own loved one---
 With her white brow and soft dark eyes,
 Fair as the new-born flower, whereon
 Never hath looked the noon-day sun,
 The Hour of his Paradise !

* * * *

Yet his was not a sordid heart,
 He did not love the merchant's mart,
 His finer soul revolted when
 He mingled thus with selfish men---
 Yet long and wearily he bore
 The burthen of incessant care,
 Unfriended, on a stranger shore,
 While Hope still hovered dimly o'er
 One object which he valued more
 Than all the wealth he gathered there ;
 The loved one in his native land,
 More dear than gems of Sarmacand.

Welcome as the voice of kindness,
 To him, who in some dungeon dim
 Moves slow with pain his fettered limb,
 Or light to those who sit in blindness,
 Is home's green shore to him.
 He stands upon his native earth---
 Voices of greeting and of mirth
 Are round him,--but his anxious eye
 Turns from the throng impatiently---
 One hurried word---one clasp of hand
 And he has bounded from the strand !
 On, swiftly on---even now he sees
 Her white-walled dwelling through the trees !
 Quick, from behind a leafy screen---
 The gateway wreathed in creeping green,
 With wild flowers twined in every curl---

And flashing from her brilliant eye
The wildness of insanity.

Darted the maniac girl.

"MY OWN ADELA!"—At his tone
She started---and as memory went

Back to the joys her youth had known,
Over each vacant lineament,

One gleam of banished reason shone!

Briefly it shone---a smile as chill

As moonshine on a wintry hill

Met the fixed, ardent gaze of love---

"Oh! Henry, it is kind to leave

That glad and happy home above,

Where spirits never learn to grieve

To whisper comfort to the ear

That loved thy living words to hear."

And then she smiled again so sadly,

So soft, so sweet—alas—SO MADLY!

Oh—God!—was this a human greeting?

Was this an ardent lover's meeting?

The wanderer pressed his burning brain,

With marble lip, and eye unweeping

While to its lid the tears were creeping

Hot, slow, like drops of fiery rain!

The tears of manhood!—they are such,

As may not speak of selfish woe,

Beneath some Heaven-directed touch

Like Horeb's rock alone they flow!

And oh! if man could always wear

That strength of pride which loves to bear

With a firm lip and blemishless eye

The keenest human agony;—

If the strong spirit might not falter

Beneath the chastening of Heaven,

If ever on affliction's altar

A tearless sacrifice were given,---

Then might that spirit scorn to seek

Contrition's narrow path and lonely,

Or kneel in penitence, where meek

And humble faith availeth only.

Chained down to low material things,
 The soul forgetful of its birth—
 Forgetful of its upward wings
 Would half become a thing of earth---
 And hence each blow misfortune gives
 But breaks some chain which binds us here ;
 And every shade the heart receives,
 But makes the eye of faith more clear !

* * * *

The twain are wandering on the beach
 Beneath the pleasant morning sun,---
 Now stealing from the billow's reach,
 Now following where its circles run.
 It is a strange, yet lovely sight---
 That dark eyed wanderer of the sea
 Leading beneath the golden light,
 The victim of insanity !
 She thinks---how strange the thoughts will be
 Of those whose mental light is dim! --
 That one of that bright company
 Who bend in Heaven the seraph's knee
 Is near her in the form of him,
 Who bending o'er her lovingly
 Would half confirm her childish whim.
 And hence her bearing is like one
 Who would not seek, who would not shun
 The kindness strangely proffered her
 By some angelic messenger :
 And yet an awe is on her face,
 With trusting confidence contending,
 Either alternate, yielding place,
 Like human love with reverence blending.
 He chides her not ; but soothingly,
 And kindly, checks her wayward mood ;
 And to his gentle guidance, she
 Attends with simple gratitude.
 The thousand fancies which were nursed
 In madness, vanish one by one,
 And even as though its clouds will burst
 The veiled but triumphant sun,

The brightness of her soul again
 Shines through the murky veil of madness,
 And once again her spirit's gladness,
 Revives, like sere grass after rain.⁵

Gentle as angels' ministry
 The guiding hand of love should be
 Which seeks again those chords to bind
 Which human woe hath rent apart—
 To heal again the wounded mind,
 And bind anew the broken heart.
 The hand which tunes to harmony,
 The cunning harp whose strings are riven
 Must move as light and quietly
 As that meek breath of Summer heaven,
 Which woke of old its melody ;—
 And kindness to the dim of soul,
 Whilst aught of rude and stern control,
 The clouded heart can deeply feel,
 Is welcome as the odors fanned
 From some unseen and flowery land,
 Around the weary seaman's keel !
 The mist hath vanished from her brain,
 Like clouds the sun of noon has met ;
 And reason lights her eye again ;
 Again its glance is one of those,
 Which, flashing from their calm repose,
 Like star-beams at the daylight's close,
 The gazer may not soon forget ;—
 A glance to haunt him in his sleep,
 Wild, beautiful, and like the quiver,
 Of moonlight, mirrored in the deep
 Dark current of some shadowy river,—
 A changeful, but unfading light—
 A lustre from the spirit caught,
 Varying indeed, but ever bright
 With the unshadowed hues of thought !
 Again the roses of her heart,
 Are in their brightest blossoming :⁶
 And, as the frosted root will start,

With fresh, young lip and brow of pearl,
 Shadowed by many a natural curl,
 Of unconfined and flowing hair--
 With the moist eye of pitying care,
 Is bending like a seraph there :
 A seeming child in every thing
 Save in her ripening maiden charms,
 As nature wears the smile of spring,
 When sinking into summer's arms.

From that long trance of torpid sleep,
 Which sometimes on the eve of death,
 Binds down the pulses, still and deep,
 Unbroken by the passing breath,
 The Witch hath roused her, at the tone,
 To her old ear so seldom known,
 Of pity, murmured faintly o'er her,
 By the fair child, who, half in fear,
 And half in sorrow, stealing near,
 Stands in the dim twilight before her.
 Upstarting from her wretched bed,
 And pushing back her grizzly hair ;
 With that dull eye whose rayless glare,
 Seems like the vision of the dead,
 She peers into that young girl's face,
 Most earnestly, as if to trace
 Something which thrills the broken chain
 Of memory over, once again.
 " Ha---who art thou ?---her daughter ? " ---
 She murmurs in those tones of fear,
 Which mingle with the gasping breath
 Like voices from the tongue of death,---
 " She, whom my hate hath cursed so long---
 Hath she forgot her deadly wrong ?---
 And, maiden, hath she bidden thee,
 Bend kindly o'er a wretch, like me ?---
 Nay, then, Heaven bless her ! " ---with some word
 Unuttered is that white lip stirred---
 Alas---Heaven rest the spirit gone !
 Maiden !---thou'rt with the dead alone.

NOTES.

(1.) The name of "MOLL PITCHER" is familiar to almost every inhabitant of New England;—and her fame has extended to all parts of the commercial world—in short wherever American seamen have been known. No Pythonesse of the olden time—no Druid of ancient Britain, churning over his mistletoe—no Scald of the North, bending at the shrine of Odin, ever acquired a more diabolical reputation, or was sought after with greater earnestness by a credulous community. She died about twenty years ago. A late writer (Upsham, on Witchcraft) thus concludes his notice of this singular personage:—"Her name has every where become the generic title of fortune-tellers, and occupies a conspicuous place in the legends and ballads of popular superstition. Her renown has gone abroad to the farthest regions; and her memory will be perpetuated in the annals of credulity and imposture. An air of romance is breathed around the scenes where she practised her mystic art, the interest and charm of which will increase as the lapse of time removes her history back to the dimness of the distant past."

(2.) The residence of "MOLL PITCHER" was directly under the shadow of High Rock—a bold eminence hanging over the village of Lynn, Mass.—and commanding a wide prospect of wild and beautiful scenery. On the one hand, the rugged coast stretches away to where the ancient and picturesque village of Marblehead rests on its rocky foundation, like the eyrie of a sea-eagle. On the other, are the beautiful beaches of Nahant and Chelsea—the islands sleeping like green-winged sea-birds in the distant bay of Boston, and the white sails fritting past them.

(3.) "And long and curiously she eyed
The figures of her mystic cup."

The whole apparatus of divination made use of by "Moll Pitcher" consisted of a cup into which tea was poured, and afterwards emptied from it. By the peculiarities of the shape or the position of the small particles of tea left in the bottom of the cup, she pretended to decide upon the destiny of her visitors.

(4.) "Nahant—thy beach is beautiful!"

The description of Nahant beach and the adjacent scenery is scarcely exaggerated. A particular account of this delightful place of resort in the summer months will be found in the "History of Lynn" a highly interesting and valuable work.

(5.) "And once again her spirit's gladness
Revives like sere grass after rain."

For this idea I am indebted to a lamented friend,—the late JAMES O. ROCKWELL. Cut off at the early age of twenty-three, his fine and noble faculties had scarcely time for expansion ;—but his character as a writer, and as a man will be fondly cherished by his friends. His faults—if he had any—and I do not know them.

— "rest
Where sleeps his cold and faded brow,
And hard is that unfeeling breast
Which harbors aught against him now."

(6.) "Again the roses of her heart
Are in their brightest blossoming."

Upon a re-perusal of my poem I find I have adopted in the above lines an idea far more beautifully expressed in a poem by PARK BENJAMIN, Esq.

"Oh!—there are roses in the heart,
Which bloom awhile then fade and die;
But the left seeds will sometimes start
Up into life again and try,
If kindlier breezes waft their balm," &c.